

A SONG upon the present Election.

YE Newcastle freemen attend to my song,
 It truth shall rehearse, and it shan't be too long;
 With freedom inspir'd, I sing in its praise
 Not boistrously rude, but in sweet humble

'Tis the Candidate Knights to you I commend,
 To their worth and their praise I pray you attend;
 To mock-patriots no more let your soul be on fire,
 But let real liberty your conduct inspire.

In full bumpers let's toast to Sir Walter's success,
 His merits are great, and his faults are the less;
 His generous soul, and his free open mind,
 Add a lustre to him which in few we can find.

In public and private his manners esteem'd,
 A friend to the poor he has ever been deem'd;
 To his King he is loyal, to's country he's true
 With independence his guide, and no int'rest in view.

To graceful Sir Matthew we'll now give a toast,
 A youth of such merit our country can't boast:
 Tho' in years but a youth, in judgment he's old,
 And his speeches in council are free, just, and bold.

'Gainst the late marriage act he reason'd so strong,
 That none could him answer or prove him i'th' wrong;
 His firm steady conduct to the world stands confest,
 Then, O ye brave freemen, your fears be suppress'd.

Your votes and your interest they both do deserve,
 Then O be you grateful, and with them both serve;
 If the least spark of gratitude be in your breasts,
 For Blackett and Ridley you'll enter the lists.

Then in chorus let's join to give them huzzas
 Drink success with a bumper and join them applause;
 If others we speak not, we'll no parallels draw,
 But to Blackett and Ridley huzza and huzza.